

The Flight of Polly.

It is a legend of my race that a Chippenham girl is as plucky as a boy. That isn't too much to say when you think of some people's boys. Whether it can be truly said in praise of me is a question apropos of yesterday.

At four and a half o'clock of yesterday afternoon I came proudly down the steps of the town hall with my first quarter's salary in my hands, my first emolument as teacher in a public school. It was going to help father pay his assessment; to help lift that too heavy burden which had been assumed when the new buildings were added to the mills, and the new machinery. These debts might have been paid, but just then strikes became frequent all over the country, and our men followed the fashion. Nearly a year our strike had lasted.

Father's head was getting white at forty-five. The costly machinery was going to ruin, and all about the town, singly, in pairs or in groups, the starved strikers sat or sauntered, carrying their pertinacity under their rags.

As I was saying I came down the steps to the sidewalk. Uncle Richard was hitching his horse in front of the town hall. I held up my envelope boastfully and said: "One hundred and fifty dollars more in that!" and then put it down into my pocket. Uncle Richard looked astounded. He pulled the tie line through the loop with an impatient twitch, and stepped up beside me just as I was going to mount my bicycle.

"Don't flourish your money in the faces of these men!" he said. "They are desperately in need of it."

I turned to the group of malcontents that was passing, and one man especially returned my glance with an expression which seemed to mean a perfect rage of desire for my money.

"You can't go round with that in your pocket, Polly Chippenham," said Uncle Richard. "Here, give it to me."

"No, indeed," I responded. "You might be robbed, but they can't catch me." And saying this I pushed off.

I stopped at the post office, and stood as a bulletin board for fifteen minutes, telling people how mother was and what was the matter with Johnny, but unable to say what father thought of those mysterious all night sessions of the strikers.

"I declare," said Miss Susan Brown, "I believe there's something desprit going on. We won't know what minute they won't decide to just march in and take what they like."

After listening to many other comments of my friends on the actions of the strikers, I took my wheel and started for home.

"Here is happiness," I said. "I think it pervades the open air, waiting at all times. Here a great personal deed has room."

This is the way I felt until I reached the crossing of my road with the main road from the mills to Bingham. Any person wishing to meet me after I left the village would naturally have taken this cross route. The clay bank, through which this portion of my way was cut, prevented my seeing the Bingham road until I came fully upon the crossing. I looked casually to the right and then the left. "To left! Ah, to leftward there was somebody coming to meet me—a man, on a low-gear wheel!"

The sight of him made my blood run cold and slow. I remembered his eager hungry face and Uncle Richard's warning. He was so near that I could not turn back toward the village without giving him an advantage. So straight onward I pushed, and my pedalling was like the pedalling of a drowning insect. And closely he followed, with a low laugh which made my skin creep. All the outlying houses of the village had been passed. The next was Uncle Richard's two miles away. There was no hope but in speed, and this, I declare, I made use of sweeping on at the rate of twenty feet to each revolution of the pedal.

I went like a whit past the pond, helped on by the stimulating thought that if caught me there, the waters would hide me and my wheel, and nobody would ever know. I dashed through the twilight of the woods with the consciousness that here was the very spot a robber would choose. I spurred through the slippery hollow, and jounced over stones and gullies with miraculous escapes.

And all the time he was there, some where behind, white before, the abrupt rise of Half Mile Hill defied me, and seemed to come on with a run. I had never tried to ride up over the brow of it. No girl did. But on this occasion I mustered all the valor of the Chippenham spinsterhood, and approached it as if it had fortifications and I was going to take them. I went at it with a kind of cavalry dash which would have swept a small fort off the earth. This carried me to where the tug of war began.

Behind there was gasping and panting, which sounded close—closer—closer. Of course when ascending a hill the low geared wheel has its advantage, and his almost lapped my own. I felt that I should have to give up the money, and put my hand to my pocket. But not yet—not yet! I thought of father and what a boy would probably do, and gasped for breath and strained forward and spurred my pedal down.

The other thrust my foot back as it came round. With a great burst of will I rose in the saddle and trampled it. More desperately the next—with tighter chest, once more—once more. It was like treading down racks, and yet, with heart leaping and sinking, hurrying and dying, I did tread them down!

Twice the man seemed to give up the struggle, and then to buckle to again with fresh and obstinate will. He was so near, at length, that I could turn my eye upon

his ghastly, projected face and his remnant of hat. Save for his painful breathing, there was only the evening peace and the grim silence of doggedness. The universe dwindled to a few feet of earth. My mind was vacant, except for two or three common instincts which kept me saying, "Once more—once more!"

Just when I had changed to "Oh, impossible!" and had drawn the money out of my pocket, just when he might have seized me; by a last effort I came up on to the level, clutching my handle-bars for support but sweeping on again with high gearing once more in my favor.

Yonder, in the woody valley, the white farmhouse glowed cheerily in face of the low sun. The sight of it revived me. And it was evident that my enemy had not endured the hill so well as I had done. He seemed to drop back. I began to take breath and to taste hope, when—bang! a loud report behind me.

The shock of the noise made me bounce in the saddle. It said as plainly as words to my frenzied understanding that now was the moment. Now I must drop it! The next shot might be fatal. Ah, to die just in sight, almost within reach of the goal! I put out my hand to toss the coveted parcel down, then clinched it miserly and took a forlorn risk.

Down the long, steep north slope I plunged.

Hitherto it had forced me to a tremendous backing of pedals and to heavy breaking, but this time I let the furies take me. I put my feet on the rests and coasted like a goblin. Bullets seemed raining all around me. I passed somebody who shrieked, and could hardly conceive whether I was whirling straight ahead or spinning round and round, things swept by with such a swirl.

In this fashion I got down the hill, and by gradually diminishing momentum came helplessly wobbling up to Uncle Richard's gate. The bicycle tottered, tipped, and I fell into the arms of father, who was watching for me by the roadside. Then I shook and sobbed as no Chippenham girl ever did before, I'll warrant. The family tradition was broken.

"Why, Polly, Polly, what does all this mean?" asked father.

I saw his distress, and had just sense enough left to try to spare him. I undertook to stand up bravely and smile, but the smile turned into agonizing laugh. It could not be hushed. Aunt Anna came out at the shocking sound of it, and they got me in and brought me, after a while, to a condition which admitted of more questions.

Questions and answers were cut short, however, by the appearance of the black damsel Drusilla at the outside door, her eyes as big as door-knobs.

"Oh, my king!" she panted. "Was that that Miss Polly whizzed by? It fair make my hair stand up! I reckon she was skinned o' that man layin' up thar in the road. He looked like he was dead. 'I don't dar' go after the cows, myself!'"

I sat up. Drusilla continued: "You kin see him if you looks, Miss Chippenham, a-layin' thar on the side o' the hill, with a bicycle atop o' him."

Aunt Anna hurried to the door, muttering confused exclamations.

"And this is what upset Polly!" said father. "It is very strange to find that one of my girls is turning out to be timid."

I was struck dumb by this mortifying view, and before I could speak Aunt Anna called father's attention.

"Richard's coming!" she shouted. "He's bringing the man here. Well, it is kind of shocking."

Father stepped out. I braced myself for the next scene, meaning to wait and tell the whole story dramatically in presence of the highwayman, if it should be he, and alive.

The rattle of the wagon was approaching. Drusilla was peeping in at a crack of the kitchen door. Over all hung the silence of suspense.

"Whoa!" broke in the voice of Uncle Richard. "Anna, get some soup heated as quick as you can, will you?"

I leaned and looked out. Uncle Richard was helping that assassin right into his house! He placed him in his own armchair! How pale and pitiable he looked! And father was saying surprising things, and waiting upon him as if he were his own brother! He called him John.

The man's eyes roved about the room until they fell upon me. He smiled feebly, and I thought I saw something accustomed in his face. I said at length to myself, "He looks like John Munson."

But if this could possibly be, long deprivation had so changed him that he was hardly to be recognized at a casual glance. John Munson, father's right-hand man, hitherto the most trustworthy one at the mills! I decided to say nothing, but just to let him proceed.

"I've news for you, sir," he said to father with his first espable breath.

It was surprising to see the restraint with which father covered his eagerness and calmly said, "Well?"

"I've come to tell you that we want to go to work," said the man, as wistful and eager as father himself.

"Very well," said father. "Your wish shall be considered."

So quietly the momentous words passed, and then father added: "Now, John, better not talk any more till you've had the soup."

He went impatiently to the kitchen himself for it. Uncle Richard had gone to attend to his horse, and I was alone with the bandit. We looked at each other curiously.

"If you've no objections, we'll try that race again, miss," said he. "It wa'n't quite fair. I wasn't up to concert pitch, and then my tire exploded—"

"Your tire—"

"Didn't you hear it? You must have heard it, miss!"

"O'h, it was your tire? But what did you chase me like that for?"

"Chase you, miss? Why, excuse me,

you gave me a look, and started off like a shot. I thought you wanted to race!"

"Was that all?"

"Certainly, miss! What did you suppose?"

Father came in presently with soup for two. The larger bowl he gave to John, and the smaller one to me. He said I also needed a little building up. I was a very reduced specimen of a Chippenham girl. But when father heard the whole story, he said, with great partiality, that I was a match for any of them.

And John, who doesn't know the truth, has spread the report that there is not a girl—no, nor a boy—in the State of Pennsylvania who can beat Polly Chippenham on the bicycle.

I wear my laurels meekly.

Household Worries

MAKE SO MANY WOMEN LOOK PREMATURELY OLD.

They are the Fruitful Source of Headaches, Nervous Disorders, Pains in the Back and Loins and the Feeling of Constant Weariness that Afflicts so Many Women.

Almost every woman meets daily with innumerable little worries in her household affairs. Perhaps they are too small to notice an hour afterward, but these constant little worries have their effect upon the nervous system. Indeed, it is these little worries that make so many women look prematurely old. Their effect may also be noticeable in other ways, such as sick or nervous headache, fickle appetite, pains in the back or loins, palpitation of the heart, and a feeling of constant weariness.

If you are experiencing any of these symptoms it is a sign that the blood and nerves need attention, and for this purpose Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are woman's best friend. They are particularly adapted as a regulator of the ailments that afflict women, and through the blood and nerves act upon the whole system, bringing brightness to the eyes, and a glow of health to the cheeks. Thousands of grateful women have testified to the benefit derived from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Among those who freely acknowledge the benefit derived from this great medicine is Mrs. Jas. Hughes, of Dromore, P. E. I., a lady who possesses the respect and esteem of all who know her. Mrs. Hughes speaks of her illness and cure as follows: "Until about four years ago I had always enjoyed good health, and was looked upon as one who possessed a robust constitution. Then I began to grow weak, was troubled with severe headaches, and frequently with violent pains in the region of my heart, from which I would only find ease through hot applications. My stomach also gave me much trouble, and did not appear to perform its customary functions. I was treated by a skilful doctor, but although under his care for several months, I grew weaker and weaker, until finally I was not able to leave my bed. Then I called in another doctor, whose treatment, although continued for some eight months, was equally fruitless. I was scarcely able to hold my head up, and was so nervous that I was crying half the time. My condition can best be described as pitiable. At this time a friend brought me a newspaper in which was the story of a cure of a woman whose case was in many respects similar to mine, through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I then decided that I would give the pills a fair trial. When I began the use of the pills I was in such a condition that the doctor told me I would always be an invalid. I used four boxes of the pills before I noticed any benefit, and then I could see they were helping me. I used twelve boxes in all, covering a treatment of nearly six months, when I was as well as ever I had been in my life, and I have ever since enjoyed the best health. I believe there would be fewer suffering women throughout the world if they would do as I did—give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial."

A medicine that is not right is worse than no medicine at all—much worse. Substitutes are not right; more than that, they are generally dangerous. When you buy Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People be sure that the full name is on the wrapper around every box. If your dealer does not keep them they will be sent post paid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

No Twin Microbes for Him.

A clergyman walking on the outskirts of his parish one day found one of his parishioners whitewashing his cottage. Pleased at this novel manifestation of the virtue that is next to godliness he complimented the man on his desire for neatness. With a mysterious air the worker descended from the ladder and approaching the fence said: "That's not exactly the reason why I'm doin' of this ere job, your Worship. The last two couples as lived here had twins, so I see to my misser, I'll take and whitewash the place so's there mayn't be no infection. You see sir, as how we've got ten of 'em already."

Hicks—That's rather an intelligent looking dog.

Wicks—You bet he is. Why, that dog wandered away from home last week, and I put an advertisement in the paper offering a reward for his return, and what do you suppose was the result?

Hicks—Someone brought him home and claimed the reward, I suppose.

Wicks—The dog came home next morning carrying a copy of the paper in his mouth. You see he noticed the advertisement and came home of his own accord,

so I wouldn't have to pay out any money on his account.

"Did your courage ever desert you?" she asked of the popular hero. "Did you ever entirely lose your nerve?"

"Madam," he replied in a tone that was an admission in itself, "I once played the leading male role in a big church wedding."

"Mamie wouldn't sing for us because she wanted to be teased."

"And did you tease her?"

"Oh, terribly! We didn't ask her again."

BORN.

Amherst, May 1, to the wife of Osibee Landry, a son.

Summerside, April 25, to the wife of Beverly Smith, a son.

Halifax, April 25, to the wife of J. W. Naylor, a son.

Halifax, April 25, to the wife of Harry C. Stevens, a daughter.

Lunenburg, April 22, to the wife of John Tanner, a son.

Lunenburg, April 23, to the wife of Brenton Cleveland, a daughter.

Amherst, April 26, to the wife of F. B. Brownell, a son.

Windsor, April 22, to the wife of Fred Lavers, a son.

Lunenburg, April 27, to the wife of Dean Silver, a son.

Lake Paul, April 25, to the wife of Millage Wile, a son.

Canning, April 25, to the wife of L. F. Blenkhorn, a son.

Liverpool, April 19, to the wife of Charles West, a son.

Bristol, April 28, to the wife of William Smith, a son.

Windsor, April 24, to the wife of Clarence Redden, a son.

Windsor, April 22, to the wife of J. M. Armstrong, a son.

Halifax, April 18, to the wife of F. A. Marr, a daughter.

Halifax, May 1, to the wife of W. C. Harris, a daughter.

Kenville, May 1, to the wife of Bryan Smith, a daughter.

Bristol, April 28, to the wife of Arthur Locke, a daughter.

Milton, April 29, to the wife of Atwood Fader, a daughter.

Bridgeport, April 28, wife of Amos Langille, a daughter.

Berwick, April 22, to the wife of Nathan Daniels, a daughter.

Amherst, April 25, to the wife of Sinclair Spence, a daughter.

Yarmouth, April 14, to the wife of Thos R. Baker, a daughter.

Parishboro, April 28, to the wife of Edward Brown, a daughter.

Pleasant Valley, April 23, to the wife of R. F. Lively, a son.

Newelton, Yarmouth, April 11, to the wife of Walter B. Smith, a son.

Yarmouth, April 24, to the wife of N. S. MacKinnon, a daughter.

Three Mile Plains, April 21, to the wife of Wm T. Campbell, a daughter.

Curry's Corner, April 22, to the wife of J. W. Curry, a daughter.

Stake Road, April 19, to the wife of Duncan McIntosh, a daughter.

Clark's Harbor, April 21, to the wife of Jas. H. Kenney, a daughter.

Clark's Harbor, April 4, to the wife of Thomas Symonds, a daughter.

Barrington Passage, April 28, to the wife of Frank Hauf, twin-son and daughter.

Amherst, by Rev. J. L. Batty, John Shannon, to Laura Tipping.

Summerside, May 19, Lawrence McCallum, to Florence Hill.

Tusket, May 2, by Rev. R. D. Bambrick, Allan Towson, to Lillian Sands.

Woodstock, May 2, by Rev. J. W. Clarke, Edward Johnston, to Emma Peters.

Yarmouth, April 28, by Rev. E. D. Miller, Salem Heddie, to Mary Shadie.

Yarmouth, April 18, by Rev. Wm. Miller, Delbert Hince, to Sadie Nickerson.

Shelburne, April 20, by Elder Wm. Halliday, Angus Sears, to Bessie Sears.

Milton, Queens, April 25, by Rev. C. Moore, James Allen, to Bianca Godfrey.

Boston, April 17, by Rev. C. E. Davis, Alexander Cameron, to Ida Thompson.

Woodstock, May 2, by Rev. J. W. Clarke, James T. Lister, to Emma Gardner.

Halifax, April 25, by Rev. J. Moriarty, Hugh F. Talbot, to Mary V. Kennedy.

Woodstock, May 2, by Rev. H. D. Marr, Harry R. Currie, to Bessie H. Alton.

Roxbury, April 25, by Rev. A. D. MacKinnon, D. J. Ferguson, to Mary Macdonald.

River John, April 21, by Rev. G. L. Gordon, Everett H. Grier, to Jennie Rogers.

Woodstock, May 2, by Rev. J. W. Clarke, George B. Grant, to Margaret Westcott.

Pettie Riviere, April 21, by Rev. J. S. Coffin, John S. Richard, to Cyrella R. Adams.

Bridgeport, April 30, by Rev. Rural Dean Gelling, Wm. D. Harmon, to Mary E. Minick.

Forbes Point, April 25, by Rev. F. S. Hartley, Frank Nickerson, to Florence Keenan.

Woodstock, May 1, by Rev. J. W. Clarke, Frederick Alexander, to Leslie Alexander.

Parishboro, April 30, by Rev. H. K. Maclean, Gilbert Boyd, to Mary Elizabeth Durning.

Fremont, Ohio, April 19, by Rev. J. H. Farlee, Hermon L. Reynolds, to Laura A. Neiss.

Dorchester, Mass., April 19, by Rev. A. K. MacLennan, Alley B. Irwin, to Mary E. Player.

Isaac's Harbor, April 21, by Rev. Wm. McLeod, Alexander McLaren, to Margaret A. Dickie.

Shelburne, April 30, by Rev. W. A. Outerbridge, Stillman Anderson Acker, to Phoebe Acker.

Richmond, Car. Co., April 23, by Rev. A. W. Teed, Roland Turner Hanson, to Eleanor M. Gentile.

Roxbury Mass., April 30, by Rev. Chas. L. Page, Jonathan Parsons, to Mrs. Emma L. Maling.

DIED.

Halifax, Apr. 30, Julia Nebucet, 19.

Oxford, May 1, Mrs. J. Hannah, 62.

Moncton, May 5, Edward Mitton, 35.

Pictou, Apr. 30, Robt. McGunagle, 65.

Port George, Apr. 27, Isaac Smith, 65.

Yarmouth, Apr. 7, Geo. W. Pierce, 63.

Pictou, Apr. 30, Catherine McKay, 78.

Amherst Pt., Apr. 27, Susan Jones, 42.

Blomfield, Apr. 17, John W. Harvey, 73.

Lynn, Mass., Apr. 29, Ada A. Winters, 83.

Earlton, April 25, Christy McIntosh, 72.

Five Islands, May 1, Mrs. J. G. Titset, 39.

New Glasgow, Apr. 23, Chas. H. Hatch, 25.

Fort Richmond, Apr. 22, Mrs. John Hayes.

Grand Desert, Apr. 27, Samuel Conrod, 25.

Dartmouth, Apr. 27, Joseph Dauphinee, 49.

Beverly, Mass., Apr. 30, Osmond Crosby, 22.

Scotch Hill, Pictou, May 1, Hannah McKay, 75.

West New Annan, Apr. 23, Andrew Warwick, 82.

Beach Hill, Cumberland, Apr. 26, Mrs. M. Reid, 86.

Admiral Rock, Hants Co., Apr. 28, Bridget Gilroy, 86.

Worcester, Mass., Apr. 38, Mrs. Mary Israel Denton, 87.

Yarmouth, Apr. 29, Stella, daughter of Thomas Roy, 13.

New Mines, Apr. 26, Floebe, widow of J. W. Bishop, 76.

Amherst, May 21 Margaret Jane, wife of James King, 72.

Rawdon, Apr. 27, Bessie, wife of Adolphus Knowles.

Asheville, N. C., Apr. 28, Jane M., widow of Daniel Logan, 36.

Bloumontain, South Africa, Apr. 22, Edgar S. Purcell, 27.

Black Rock, Cumberland, Melinda, widow of Jas. Fulney, 59.

Halifax, May 2, Edith Ellen R., daughter of Wil McLeod, 27.

Hantsport, Apr. 27, Frederick, eldest son of Richard Lantz, 22.

River John, Apr. 22, Ella A., daughter of Wm. Redmond, Sr. 59.

New Glasgow, Apr. 24, Myrtle, daughter of Mel Smithers, 3 years.

Dartmouth, Apr. 29, Florence Jean, child of Charles Genies, 9 months.

Pictou, Apr. 27, Maggie, infant child of James W. Robertson, 3 months.

Jamaica Plains, Mass., Apr. 26, Harriet, wife of Frederick B. Ives, 27.

Halifax, May 2, Mary Rose, widow of the late Thomas H. Verse, 88.

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